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Washington, D. C., Saturday, January 11, 1913.

CONGRESS DROPS MR. MELLEN

Congress is right in thinking that Mr. Mellen's New Haven monopoly can be corrected without the aid of a legislative investigating committee. Federal grand juries and the United States Department of Justice can do all that is needed to relieve the people of New England from the monopoly abuses against which they have long complained. Nobody had thought that Congress would have to bring up reinforcements for the Attorney General if he showed determination to get to the bottom of this matter. What puzzled the people of New England was that the Attorney General began proceedings against Mr. Mellen and Canadian railroad officials for conspiracy in the Grand Trunk case instead of against Mr. Mellen and his New England associates for acts within the New Haven system itself in violation of the laws of the United States.

THIRTY YEARS OF VAUDEVILLE

It is impressive to read that the little show started in Boston thirty years ago this week by B. F. Keith has grown to be a transcontinental circuit catering every year to at least 100,000,000 people. Theatrical, the "continuous performance" has taken rank as the great discovery of the nineteenth century. Now, thanks to it, Americans have their afternoon and evening vaudeville, whose brevity and variety peculiarly suit American tastes, and which has developed quite as rapidly on the artistic side as on any other. The success of vaudeville speaks well for the good judgment, as well as alertness, of men like Mr. Keith. They know that the public enjoys clean and clever entertainments, and they have turned their knowledge into the most prosperous policy in the history of the theater.

MASSACHUSETTS'S NEXT SENATOR

The first bill introduced in the Massachusetts Legislature this session is one drawn to give the people of that State the chance to name the man who shall be their United States Senator for the next six years. It would take the choice out of the hands of the special interests endeavoring now to direct the choice by manipulating the partisan caucus, which they think they can handle for their own advantage. It is introduced by the Progressive members, who are leading the fight for it as the Progressives have led the fight all this year.

The Senate election bill embodies accurately the principle of real self-government for which the Progressives stand. It is a principle to which the Democrats of Massachusetts are committed by their platform. It is a principle they must support unless they purpose openly to throw over Governor Foss's demand in his inaugural. It is a principle which Speaker Cushing expressed in his own statement to the Republican conference Monday, in which he said: "I particularly desire that the choice of Senator shall appeal to the people of the Commonwealth." If he is honest in such a desire he must support the bill to give the choice actually to the people themselves.

The bill should be pressed for immediate action in Massachusetts, not only to give the people of that State the popular election of a Senator now, but to set the pace for other Legislatures where the issue is up. In the East Massachusetts has been a leader in the movement for making the members of the upper house of Congress responsible to the popular will. Not only Progressives but Republicans and Democrats in Massachusetts have sought to convince the public that its demand in the matter would be granted.

Either the Massachusetts Legislature will now give the people what they desire and expect, or members under the whip of bosses of either the Republican or the Democratic machine can be put on record for default in their promises, specific or implied, to face the music that will be surely waiting for them later at the polls.

A BLOW AT "EXPERT TESTIMONY"

"The defense will put on the stand six eminent experts who will testify that the prisoner is thoroughly sane. The prosecution will meet this by producing six other experts, equally eminent, who will declare that the prisoner is a hopeless idiot."

This, in substance, is what the American people have been compelled to read too long in following the proceedings of trials, in not a few of which the issues involved are of an import far too weighty to be made a jest of in such a manner. The amazing thing is that any importance has been attached to such "testimony." A person who wishes to gain his point in a suit at law can be anything from a George Washington to a hopeless human derelict so long as the visible supply of experts is not cornered by the other side.

The layman has finally come to wonder why such rank absurdity is permitted to continue. He will acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Dr. William H. Welch, one of the most eminent of American physicians, who, as a witness in a case at Baltimore, lent the weight of his admirably trained judgment to the declaration that "our American system of expert testimony is wrong." Dr. Welch, when asked to give an opinion of a certain expert, replied that he stood high professionally and was entitled to great respect if acting in an impartial capacity; but, if employed in behalf of a private company, "I would make all the allowance I am in the habit of making for that kind of testimony."

Dr. Welch proceeded to say that he much preferred the French system, "under which competent experts are employed by the courts and thus have no relation to either side of the case." This touches the marrow of the question, and we commend the

idea to the consideration of the lawyers who have been concerned for some time in bringing about reforms in American judicial practice. They have a big task to perform. A good way of beginning it would be to strike down at the outset certain methods which have become a laughing stock among sensible persons everywhere.

MURDERERS AT LARGE

Joseph Ettor, the organizer of the waiters' strike in New York, is broadening out. His recent experience in the Lawrence strike has given him confidence. He has now developed into an actual instigator of murder. His latest scheme for securing the success of the Industrial Workers of the World is the old scheme of poison. "If you are compelled to go back to work," he told the striking waiters of New York last night, "go back with your minds made up that it is the safest thing in the world for the capitalist to eat food prepared by members of your Union."

In other words, go back determined to commit the wholesale murder of the absolutely innocent men and women who trust themselves to your assumed sense of common decency and humanity. Poison deliberately. Kill in cold blood. Watch the victims of your hell's brew as they writhe where you have sent them to a troubled death. Count them as they lie, cold and stark under the pitying lights; the unwarned victims of your conspiracy against civilization.

So it is that this licensed blackguard counsels the men he is supposed to be leading in a fight for the square deal. So it always has been with men of his kind. And so it shall be until this country calls to a sharp and a quick account, that will be inflexible and merciless, every vandal of civilization who talks as Ettor talked last night.

Murder as a last resort always has been the doctrine of the Industrial Workers. Murder as a last resort was the doctrine of the Western Federation of Miners until Pettibone died and Haywood was ejected from membership. It was by murder, cold and deliberate, that the Western Federation sought to perfect its organization in Colorado. It was by murder that the Western Federation sought to terrorize all thought of opposition to its schemes. It was as a "warning"—and only as a "warning"—that Governor Steunenburg was killed by a bomb in Idaho; and, as he lay there dead outside his own shattered gate, with his wife and children bending over him and the blood from his broken body staining the snow, it was a Western Federation assassin who surveyed that spectacle impassively to be sure that his work had been done.

Men of this kind—men like Ettor and Haywood and the McNamaras—fatten on the dead in an almost literal sense. They live by the terror they inspire. They are the bosses of the unsheathed knife; the unbridled furies of a country that has always been too tender of its assassins, too tolerant of the agents of disorder. But Ettor, for all of them, has said the last word in the creed of devastation; he has reached the final logic of his philosophy; he has taught the fools who hang upon his words the way to a silent and colossal terror and we must take the blame to ourselves for tolerating him and his fellowship so long.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

Stated in general terms the political ideals of the Democratic party are based on the doctrine of rights. Stated in general terms the political ideals of the Republican party are based on the doctrine of duty. Stated in general terms the political ideals of the Progressive party are based, also, on the doctrine of duty. The difference, in that respect, between the Democratic party and those other two parties is fundamental. But the difference between the Republican party and the Progressive party lies rather in matters of men and of leadership than in the views of the men and women who, last November, voted variously the Republican and the Progressive tickets.

The rank and file of the Republican party are progressive. Had there been Presidential primaries in every State before the Chicago convention the "theft" of that convention by the bosses and the machine men would have been impossible. Had the bosses and the machine men in the convention exercised the most meager kind of understanding of public sentiment they never would have ridden rough shod over the delegates who went to Chicago in the service of the common good. But there was no wisdom in the bosses and the Progressive movement resulted as the only expedient protest against a condition that had gone too far to leave any other remedy available.

Today, however, the problem is a new one. The Progressive party is a compact organization. It represents the convictions of its own adherents. It represents with an equal fidelity the views of several millions of voters who call themselves Republicans. The difference between the rank and file of the Progressive party and the rank and file of the Republican party is a difference of a name only. And the great business of the accredited leaders in the Republican party and the accredited leaders in the Progressive party should be that of giving the rank and file of both parties a common cause and an acceptable name under which to work and vote. In that lies the root of the matter.

BASEBALL'S BIGGEST SALARY.

It pays to be a star. In baseball, it pays better than ever. Witness the \$25,000 salary guaranteed to Manager Chance, of the New York Americans, plus 5 per cent. of the net earnings, for three years. But consider the profits reaped by the leading clubs. Nearly half a million dollars was taken in at the world's championship games in Boston and New York last October. The two clubs shared \$294,000 garnered in the eight games, and the players divided nearly \$150,000 among themselves. Nor were these the only beneficiaries. And consider that this approximate half a million was about ten times the amount of money parceled out among the baseball men after the Boston-Pittsburgh series ten years ago. That will give you an idea of the rapidly increasing prosperity and profitability of the national game.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

SEEING WASHINGTON.

IV. THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

Although it's probably been said
By visitors before me,
Still I intend to go ahead;
So here it is: You bore me.

I do not like your miles of hall,
Your fancy jinks and gilding;
But this annoys me most of all:
You are a Public Building.

What care I for the dusty things
Around in different places—
The armor of the ancient kings?
The stuff inside of cases?

How in the name of rhyolite
Am I supposed to have a
Reverence for andesite
Or spherulitic lava?

And while you're at it, tell me,
please,
What makes you think I'd go a
Step to learn of Cherokees
Or Jakuns from Samoa?

Diak, Somali, Chocklaw, Sioux,
The Yukon and Mackenzie,
Korea, totem poles, Peru—
They get me in a frenzy.

And as for birdies, what care I?
Accipiter cooperi,
Euphagi and aramidæ—
They only make me weary.

I went through all, with aching
feet,
And saw but little in it;
He who's observant on the street
Can learn more any minute.

Drug store proprietors, confectioners,
and any others operating cash
fountains, can make a large hit with us
by standardizing their methods of settlement. When we advance directly to the fountain, and order our drink, we are met with an emotionless "Get checks, cashier"—nor will the clerk make a move until we do so. At the next shop, remembering our lesson, we proceed immediately to the cashier's window, and carry away a "Why, pay at the fountain, of course," and a glance of amused contempt. When we finish our business and leave, a semi-smothered laugh ripples along behind the scenes. We doubt if there be anywhere a more gentle and enduring nature than ours; but, if ever we murder any one, it'll be somebody in a drug store, sure!

Isn't it about
time that the successful
operation
be elected a
member of the
Didn't Know It
Was a L o a d e d
Club?

The silk hat trust, we understand, expects 1913 to be one of its banner years. It has been figured that 8,500 silk hats will be ruined by the rain on March 4.

How would you like to have your watch repaired by A. Lerner, who is in that business at 803 Ninth street northwest?

Mrs. Bumble says that her husband used to be one of the composers in a composing room.

With Ten Minutes Start, Yes.

G. S. K.: Now that they are putting weighty questions up to you for settlement, let me have a turn at it. When alphabet soup is served to open the meal, would you call it the initial course?

Recalling the sad plight of small Harold, who, arriving late to dinner, when alphabet soup was on the menu, received as his portion a plate of "y's" and "z's."

As previously mentioned in this column, we do wish the headline writers would add a "g" to "Solon."

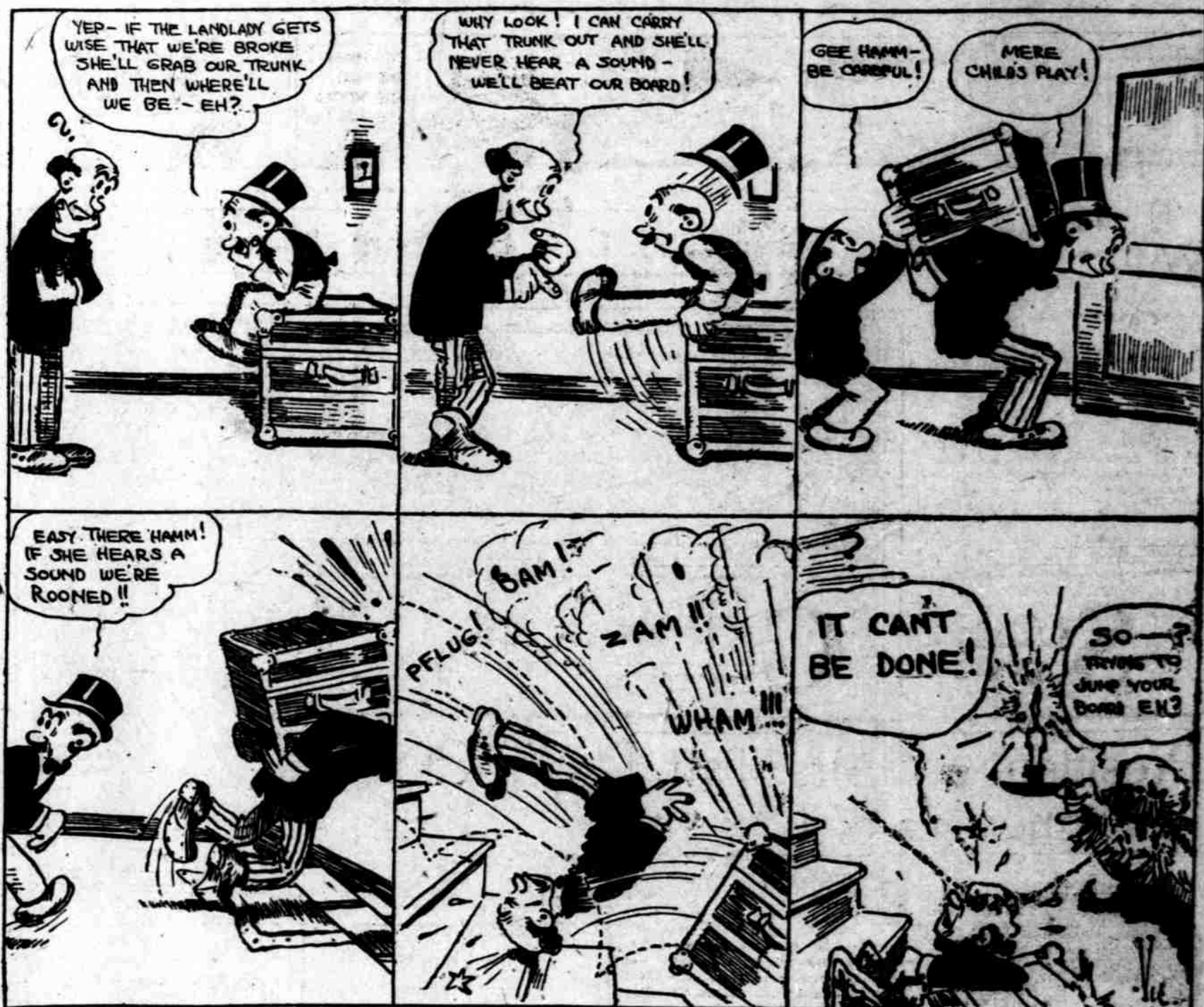
Another pleasant experience with a fountain pen is to have it run dry at a critical moment, far from the maddening ink bottle.

What, by the way, would be the most inopportune moment for one's fountain pen to give up the ghost, provided no other writing implements were to be had? Suppose, for example, that some one were making out a check to your order—a check that you had to have within the next five minutes or forfeit your future happiness—and, just before he got to the signature, the pen ran dry—we'll say he was using our pen—and suppose further that the nearest ink were ten miles away—wouldn't that be more or less of a predicament?

If the incoming Congress reduces the tariff, as advertised, it might—just might—understand us—be referred to as—can you guess it?

A revenue outlier. G. S. K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE!



The Jarr Family

SONALLY play. I could not feel I was personally interpreting the great masters unless I was actually the creative force.

Handel Makes One's Feet Full of Inspiration.

"Yes, you are right. I have one, and when I play Handel I feel as though my feet were inspired," remarked Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith. "And I have taken—" She was going to say she had taken off ten pounds pumping the piano player, but she caught herself in time and added hurriedly, "have taken the greatest delight in it for hours and hours."

W HEN Mrs. Jarr took her seat in the luxuriously appointed limousine between Mrs. Stryver and Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith she realized her mistake. She saw now she should have gotten into Mrs. Stryver's town car either first or last.

Had she done either she could have sat by a window. And other women—envious women—who beheld her would have thought it was HER car.

She made a mental note that she would sit by the window upon all occasions after this.

The talk of the three ladies as the car sped downtown was all of the mechanical piano player Mrs. Stryver was going to buy. Mrs. Jarr and Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith both knew that Mrs. Stryver was going to purchase this instrument not for her love of popular and classic selections, but as an exercising machine to reduce obesity. Mrs. Stryver knew they knew. But did they come right out and say it? Tush! Don't you realize there is such a thing as tact?

Nix On the Electric!

It's Not So Souful.

"You don't care for one of the electrically operated ones, then?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes, you just press a button and the music is played without exertion. Not tiresome pumping with the feet, you know!" said Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith.

"I have no doubt they are very nice," replied Mrs. Stryver. "But with an electrically operated piano player can one lend one's individuality to the interpretation of the music? It would all seem so mechanical to me. Now, when one is actually playing the music—with the feet action, I grant you, but still it is one's own effort—then one can feel it is one's own utterance!"

"Very true!" murmured both the other ladies.

"Yes, I have always had a soul for music," Mrs. Stryver went on glibly. "The fact that I cannot play an ordinary piano does not mean I have no love for the great composers, and I must have a piano player, at least I will only have one that I will PER-

True Economy.

W HEN the Barber-You've got a nasty, deep lot of crowd's feet, and then lines sunn' down from the corners of the mouth is something fierce. A massage—The Patient (directly)—You've got a hump like a camel and a chest like a doughnut, and I don't believe, with legs like those, you could stop an elephant up an alley, let alone a cow. But hold me he'd slap my face if I couldn't wash my neck any better than that!

"An' Miss Brown, the daughter uv the coal millionaire, handed me a dozen handkerchiefs that looked like the stuff ma used to tie down the preserves with. The only decent thing I got was a solid silver vanity case with a \$10 gold piece in it. An' the way she said 'that had to 'cause sometimes his many skintire admirers gets lonesome an' send him a hurry call; an' I got to sidetrack it on the jump 'cause his wife's got a power of scent worse'n a bloodhound, an' SHE'S got the cash! Honest, an' ain't it?"

"Oh, by the way," I interrupted, "last night, didn't you say you had an opera entree on your list?"

"Opera BIG, yuh mean?" she amended with scorn. "Great guns! That

Mrs. Jarr Finds Out How Music Makes One So Thin

Arriving at the salerooms by this time, Mrs. Mudridge-Smith was the first of the trio to enter, and when the salesman advanced she signified that they wished to look at some piano players.

"For you?" asked the salesman, glancing keenly at her plump figure.

"Ah, you will want a medium frictional resistance player."

"No, it is for this other lady," remarked Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.

And the salesman, thinking Mrs. Jarr meant, was leading the ladies to the lightest running model in the establishment—for Mrs. Jarr's figure was trim and neat.

But by the way Mrs. Stryver puffed importantly to the front the salesman saw his mistake in time and took them

over to a model that was geared to a frictional resistance of a pound of fat off and on, and for any stout lady who pumped persistently on the pedals.

"Try it, dear!" gushed Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.

Ethereal Attachment Is For Mundane Results.

"We have a new attachment on this one," said the salesman. "It is called the 'Etherealite.' This model will tire the performer until he is used to it. So there is where the 'Etherealite' comes into play. The resistance can be regulated. Will Madame try something light with the 'Etherealite, or shall we have something heavy, say?"

The salesman knew why some stout ladies were slaves of the mechanical piano players. In fact, in the trade, the various piano playing machines were listed as "trims," "mediums," "stouts" and "extra stouts," according to how hard the pedals worked or how the lady of the house used up.

Mrs. Stryver was fitted with an "extra stout." After she had played herself into a convincing perspiration, the sale was consummated.

"Send it," she said, and gave her name and address.

"And now," said Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith, "we will go to Madame Pilling-ton's studio. She gives a Domestic Uplift demonstration today. She sent me cards."

But when they arrived in the studio building the ladies learned the demonstration was an evening or full dress affair at 8.

"Well, we will go home and dress and come back for the demonstration," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith. "They are such recherche affairs!"

Can Create But Not Cure.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 11.—Prof. Johannes Fibiger says that he has succeeded in creating cancer internally by feeding rats on cock roaches infected with nematodes, hoping to finally find a cure.

Here's a Book

Thirty-one stories of the life and adventures of Jackie and Poodle Bow-wow, told in an easy and sleep-inducing style, and just long enough to quiet young hopefuls at bedtime, are published by R. F. Penno & Co. of New York, and were written by Howard R. Garis. The stories begin tamely enough: "The little pups are safe in the shadow of the home kennel most of the time, but before the tale has gone very far they have proceeded through several pages of hair-raising escapades, and end by landing in no other place but a circus. Their adventures as members of a troupe are replete with thrills. Not so exciting, however, as to keep the little hearer awake. There are several colored and very attractive illustrations by Louis Wika.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Drag hunt by the Riding and Hunt Club of Washington, Delta C Farma reservoir, Condit road, 2 p. m.

Monthly meeting of the Missouri Society of Washington, Cochran Hotel, 8 p. m.

Meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Cosmos Club, 8 p. m.

Meeting of Columbia Council, National Union, Pythian Temple, tonight.

Amusements.

National—Maggie Pepper, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Belasco—"Everywoman," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Columbia—"Milestones," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Charles—Polite vaudeville, 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Poll's—Vaudeville, afternoon and evening.

Academy—"The Vendetta," 2:15 p. m.

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, 8:15 p. m.

Cosmos—Vaudeville.

Casino—Vaudeville.

Lycium—"Oriental Burlesquers," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Gayety—"Storery Burlesquers," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

GOOD STORIES

Barber Shop Repartee.

THE Barber-You've got a nasty, deep lot of crowd's feet, and then lines sunn' down from the corners of the mouth is something fierce. A massage—The Patient (directly)—You've got a hump like a camel and a chest like a doughnut, and I don't believe, with legs like those, you could stop an elephant up an alley, let alone a cow. But hold me he'd slap my face if I couldn't wash my neck any better than that!

"An' Miss Brown, the daughter uv the coal millionaire, handed me a dozen handkerchiefs that looked like the stuff ma used to tie down the preserves with. The only decent thing I got was a solid silver vanity case with a \$10 gold piece in it. An' the way she said 'that had to 'cause sometimes his many skintire admirers gets lonesome an' send him a hurry call; an' I got to sidetrack it on the jump 'cause his wife's got a power of scent worse'n a bloodhound, an' SHE'S got the cash! Honest, an' ain't it?"

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He Was Careful.

W ORD had been received by the Inspector of the electric light system that an overhead wire had fallen down in a quiet street. The Inspector betook himself to the spot as quickly as he could. When he arrived he found the inevitable crowd handling the wire in a most careless manner. Luckily, no accidents had occurred.

Going up to the nearest man, who happened to be an Irishman, he admonished him severely in grave tones.

"You took a grave risk," said the In-

A Nice Distinction.

SENATOR GRONNA, discussing a knotty tariff problem, said, in Dakota:

"There is a nice distinction involved here. You don't notice it at first. Once it is pointed out to you, however, you perceive its immense importance."

"It's the sort of distinction that Gobsa Golde's beautiful young wife revealed to him during a conjugal quarrel."

"People say," quivered the old man, trembling with rage—"people say you only married her because I had money!"

"The young woman smiled superbly."

"Rubbish!" she exclaimed. "My primary reason for marrying you was that I had no money myself!"—Detroit Free Press.